

AUGUST 1979

EDITORIAL

Next month is the presentation of Club Member of the Year award. It has excited quite a deal of interest and the competition has been keen. Apart from the prestige, it is quite worthwhile winning Club Member of the Year – with a perpetual trophy donated by Darren Room and a helmet of your choice donated by Les Leahy. Peter Stevens Motorcycles have kindly offered that if Les buys the helmet from them, they will give it to him at cost.

Tonight, our Raffle for the driving lights and pump will be drawn. Thanks go to Rallyquip, 65 Whitehorse Road, Deepdene, for supplying the driving lights at 33% off. If you are interested in buying driving lights, switches, high detail maps of Vic., or any other goodies, it would be worthwhile to go and have a look; mentioning the Club should get you a discount.

Tom & Jude.

AUGUST RIDES

SUNDAY 5 MT MACEDON KBCP, 9.30am
SUNDAY 12 CASTROL TWO HOUR AND BIKE SHOW, KBCP 9am
SUNDAY 19 YOU YANGS, KBCP 10am
SUNDAY 26 COMBINED CLUBS RUN ARTHURS SEAT, KBCP 10am

SEPTEMBER

SUNDAY 2 CLUB CAPTAIN'S RIDE, KBCP 9am
FRIDAY 7 GENERAL MEETING. 'CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR'
PRESENTATION

CAPTAINS RAVE

The Combined Club ride to Anakie Gorge went off very well until we decided to go for a combined ride. Greg Free had organized the ride but as his Ducati had gear box trouble, he had to go home early. The Ballarat Touring Club Captain, Brian, was to take us on a scenic tour down back roads – but unfortunately, Brian and myself as captains failed to organize the ride properly – corner markers left corners before the Rear Rider arrived and bikes were scattered all over the eastern half of Vic.

Please accept my and Brian's apologies on behalf for the shambles.

WATERFALL GULLY 1.7.79

The weather forecast not being ideal for biking, so I was having second thoughts about fronting up on Sunday. But come departure time at KBCP, I was there with nine other bikes. With only a few rain drops and gusty winds, we made an uneventful but cool run down Beach Road to Dromana for lunch.

With eating over and taking over from Greg Smith as rear rider, we blasted up Arthurs' Seat to Waterfall Gully. We didn't actually see the waterfall, though we did hear it and Mick did assure us it was just beyond a bunch of trees. But, with no track to follow and the whole gully full of trees, we ventured no further than 50yds from the parking area. We then moved on to the car park at Arthurs Seat for a view of Melbourne.

The highlight of the run, at least judging by the lewd comments, was when Greg Smith's zipper became stuck while we were preparing to leave. With Christine (Kwaka pillion) failing to solve the problem after a good five minutes of tugging, pulling and generally re-arranging Greg's clothes, it was left to Mick and a bloody great pair of pliers to fix.

While fuelling up on the run back to Melbourne (my bike only) we were entertained with an exhibition of trench digging by the guy (name unknown) and his Honda 900.

Our final destination was Greg Smith's flat at Elwood for coffee, biscuits and a warm. While there we all enjoyed a video recording of the Eiger Sanction with the only interruption to the film being somebody and his rattling balls.

Keith Honda 360

TOLMIE OR BUST! Or LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE EASY!

Friday 13th I believe that's where it all started. Finding a weekend free, I decided that it was about time I spent some love and attention on my poor neglected Boomer. Today was it. I would attend the run on Sunday to Tolmie. No worries, I thought. Hah, it was Friday the 13th!

Saturday 14th Many plans have been made. Rising early (for me) I set about tuning the bike and checking all the little fiddlies like clutch cables, tyres, battery, etc. "Boy, the sun's out, I can see you need a wash old pal," I muttered. So off we went to the tap and with the help of a bottle of Nifty, I really shone the alloy up. Then it was a tickle and rub with a chamois and a burn up the road to clear the cobwebs from both of us. I was really looking forward to tomorrow's run now.

Sunday 15th Morning crept in and I bravely arose, determined to meet my mates on time. Living at Thornton this year has really mucked up my motorcycling. My greatest thrill each week is a fang into Alexandra (13kms) to help Noelene with the shopping each Friday night. So, as you can imagine, I had really psyched myself up for a great ride.

Being the logical fellow that I pretend to be, I worked out that a Club coming from Melbourne to Lilydale on the way to Mansfield must go through Alexandra and Yarck, so I chugged my way out to the Yarck township and sat by the side of the road to thaw out and wait for the signs of approaching bikes. The locals informed me that "No we haven't seen any bikes this morning". Ah hah! They are not ahead of me, I reckoned. One hour later, I was starting to wonder!

I had allowed 2 ½ hours from Melbourne. Maybe they had beaten me. I waited a further half hour just to be sure then set off for a later lunch at Mansfield. The sun was now providing some warmth and the snow caps near Mt Buller looked beautiful indeed. Well, here was Mansfield and still no bikes. After scoffing down a few pies I set off for Tolmie. That was the only place left. They must be there, I thought.

I called in for a wee at the local BP and started a chat with a bloke and his chick on a Laverda 1000. He was heading to Mt Buller to see the snow, but he was rugged up in sneakers and gear suitable for a Spring day. Do Laverdas go so fast that you can't feel the cold on them? We parted company and I sped off up the Tolmie Road for about 30 kms. After passing a shop and a house I decided that I had gone past Tolmie, so I returned to the shop to ask where the bikes were. "No, we haven't seen any bikes today", the lady answered. The answers were all a bit the same weren't they.

Feeling rather lost and dejected, I headed back to Mansfield. Rather than a fang up Mt Buller, I returned to Bonnie Doon and followed the shoreline of Lake Eildon through Frazer National Park to Eildon. Township and home. The story, believe it or not, does not end yet. My wife informs me that the Club had tooted as it passed my front door and went for a brief tour of Eildon before it headed for home.

Oh well, I made it to Tolmie. The weather was crisp but exhilarating, I had a great ride and next weekend I'm going to find a track to lead Darren Room and company over that they will NEVER forget.

Yours in motorcycling,

Greg Moore, BMW 750

Secretary

TOLMIE

8.15am Sunday morning – stumble to the window; uh huh, greyish sky. Oh well, never mind. After a quick shower and a reminder to sleeping beauty (Ian) that it is now 8.30am, I throw breakfast together.

9.15am and we're off, hoping to meet the Club in Lilydale. Surprisingly, although the sky looked rather bleak, travelling was quite pleasant. We met up with Keith, Tom, and Judy at Lilydale and whilst I answered a quick call of nature, the rest of the Club arrived consisting of seven bikes and one strange white Corolla that persisted in following us the rest of the day!

We left at about 10.25am travelling down the Maroondah Highway with Les leading and Big D as rear rider. A stop was made at Yea for petrol and from there we continued towards Mansfield with the weather turning rather nippier! Upon arrival at Mansfield, we besieged the 'Take Away Food' store and consumed numerous chips, hamburgers and cups of coffee. (Corolla still lurking at the rear!)

After lunch, we reluctantly left for Tolmie, a quick 30km of wet dirt road. Upon arrival we marvelled at the bustling township and inspected the Tolmie cricket pitch and famous, flood swollen river (a trickle). Half an hour later we left via a different more enjoyable route back to Mansfield.

From there, Kevin led the trek to Yea and then to Whittlesea to his home for coffee. Apart from the cold weather, drizzle, snow and a few pairs of numb feet, it was a most enjoyable ride for all.

Ian & Lynne, Yamaha 750

DARREN ROOM'S TOUR

15.7.79

The Itinerary said "NO DIRT, NO TRAINS", so I thought to myself, just up my alley. I brushed the cobwebs off the bike and proceeded to the Kings Bridge Carpark in Spencer Street

There were 11 bikes when I arrived, and pretty soon Darren was giving us the rundown on where we would be heading. The day was fine but the wind cool, and I was glad I had my electric vest on.

We left Melbourne via the 'Freezeway', to quote Darren, and went up to Sunbury. From there to Riddells Creek, Darraweit Gum, Wallan, Wandong, Strath Creek and Flowerdale. Upon leaving Flowerdale I went onto reserve and spent the next 20 minutes wondering if I was going to reach Yea or not. Luckily, I made it with 1 litre to spare.

Fagan had an argument with a car driver in Yea who accused Mick of going over 60km/h. Mick denied this, and we all know that Mick never speeds. Les Leahy was riding pillion with Mick, but he couldn't comment because he had his eyes closed at the time of the incident.

Anyway, we had lunch at Yea and then it was off to Eildon via Alexandra and Thornton. We stopped at the Causeway to look at the view and then went up to Mount Pinningner lookout. It becomes a one way road up to the top. And, you guessed it, Fagan went the wrong way. On the way down we looked at the huge powerlines that spanned the valley. They stretch for 1 ½ miles and are very impressive. Next Marysville for coffee, picking up two friends of Micks who tagged along with us on the way home.

We headed back through Narbethong, where a certain policeman took \$30 from me, to Healesville, Yarra Glen, Christmas Hills to Eltham where we dispersed.

It was one of the best thought-out runs for a long time. We did approx. 430kms. I would like to congratulate Darren on a job well done.

Greg Smith, Honda 750

ANAKIE COMBINED CLUB RUN

22.7.79

About 25 bikes were in evidence by departure time on that Sunday morning, including two or three from the BMW Club whose day run had been cancelled due to lack of numbers. We left under Darren's expert guidance with Peter Philferan bringing up the rear.

Skipping the main roads and travelling through Footscray, Deer Park and around Exford Weir, we found ourselves in Bacchus Marsh. Departing here, most people got underway but the 350 Kawa and a Guzzi Sports both proved reluctant to fire up.

Eventually we all headed in the direction of Anakie via the scenic route. Mick and Joy passed me as the road grew tighter and soon I found myself following Greg Free through some sweepers. two Ducatis make a lovely sound but my complacency was shaken as on the road ahead, which had just turned to dirt, stood several kangaroos. One big bloke in the middle just refused to move and Greg braked quickly. I thought he'd stalled so proceeded on slowly, kangaroos moving ahead like frightened cattle.

The Ballarat Club were at Anakie Gorge, but so too was another group. Volunteers National Parks were in the gorge, working with chainsaws, tractors, borers etc were rather destroying the tranquil

picnic atmosphere. But by the time they'd stopped for lunch we had our steaks sizzling and had forgotten about them.

After lunch people did their own thing. Les Leahy went riding while Greg Free headed for home, gearbox jammed in first. Most of the MTCV went walking in the gorge, a good day for it too. One didn't want to stay still long. Some of the Ballarat Club joined us whilst others drank by the BBQ.

'Twas decided that the Ballarat club would lead to Ballan via roads they knew.

We passed through Steiglitz, their club exhibiting some interesting riding characteristics, especially in the dirt. At one stage near Morrisons, I think, I was surprised to see a corner marker indicating another side road to the left. Little did I realize he would be the last corner marker I would see, but as I neared Sebastopol and Ballarat, I saw just two of their riders and they were heading straight for home.

Ballarat as usual was cold, wet and uninviting and there was no group of riders waiting so we headed straight for the Western Highway and home. Coming in through Melton we ran into Johnno and Christine and gratefully accepted their invitation for coffee at Niddrie where we learnt that our club was scattered over the countryside due to the corner marking inefficiency of the Ballarat Club.

Still, never mind. With the exception of the home run, it was a good day out, and an ideal run for the chilly circumstances.

Brendan, 750 Ducati

ANAKIE GORGE Sunday 22.7.79

It was rewarding to see good numbers turn up for this run as the weather was cold and the forecast was for rain. Every time I counted bikes, I got a different number. I know there were 13 bikes plus pillion riders from the Ballarat Club and that there were over 30 bikes at Anakie Gorge.

As we had plenty of time, Darren took us a roundabout way through Footscray, past Exford Reservoir to Bacchus Marsh where some filled up with petrol and others with munchies and drinks. The people who manage the service station deserve to get ahead as they were very pleasant. I heard the woman ask if we were coming back that way. If so, and we told her what time, she would have the water boiling so we would not have to wait. Such service is rare today and much appreciated when encountered.

At this point, I can only write about the part of the run I was on, not the last 70 miles, because for reasons unknown to me, I was by myself for about that distance. Bearing this in mind the only unfortunate incident was just before Anakie, where Greg's Duke took such a liking for first gear it refused to go into any other which meant he left early for what must have been a frustrating ride back to Melbourne.

Not long after our arrival the Ballarat Club appeared and soon the Boy Scout members had a fine barbeque going with two matches and kerosene.

After eating, some people went for a short walk, some for a long walk, and others a very long walk, looking into holes, walking through them, etc. If you don't know what the holes were, all I can say

is if you were there you would know. For those who couldn't go, the holes were tunnels, at least six carrying a water pipe from a reservoir not far away to somewhere.

The Apex or some such club were helping the National Parks people till lunch time, but for god's sake don't tell the unions or we will have another strike, and you know what they are like. A few years ago, it was a strike because the new Redfern Mail Exchange was a terrible place to work. Now they are striking because the government woke up to what the union said and agreed it was terrible and inefficient and now they are going to decentralise mail exchanges. So now the union members are on strike again!

A few people at the Gorge seemed a little disappointed that we didn't live up to their expectations of what motorcyclists are like, probably because we didn't use foul language and smash up their cars with bike chains and rape their kids and wives.

One car drives past the sign saying 'Dogs are Prohibited' with a look on their faces which said it didn't apply to them and let their dogs out. But not for long as the Parks people told them to put the dogs back in the car again.

Back to our run. We left going part way back with the Ballarat Club. We went via the dirt road through the Brisbane Ranges Park to Steiglitz and towards Ballarat. Some parts of the dirt road were wet after it started to drizzle. The weather got colder but the drizzle stopped soon after Ballan.

We came to a little town just past the section of dirt road, turned right here due to corner markers being there. Some of us stopped to put wellies on. When I left, a corner marker was still there with a few riders behind and I estimate 20 or more ahead. Well, all I can say is God must have picked them all up and taken them to heaven or dropped them out to sea. If he didn't do that, I don't know where 20 or more bikes could go to as I saw no other rider from that moment onwards. Corner markers were non-existent - or anyone else.

Before leaving Anakie, I asked Fagan where our next stop for petrol would be, and he told me Ballan, about 40km away and asked if I could I make that. I assured him I could. Well, I am one of those strange people who when told we are going to Ballan assume we are going there. Besides, I kept to the rules which say if no corner makers, go straight on. This took me to Ballan anyway, though I passed through a lot of intersections at an angle which would normally be marked.

Ballan I was advised, and Ballan was one place where bikes were not, and had not been, according to the petrol station people. Well, as it was wet and cold, and as I couldn't read minds to know where everyone went, I rode home alone.

I am curious about those riders behind me; did they find the others? Were they advised of a different destination? Am I getting senile, or did the corner markers not wait?

In hindsight, I think we should have been told exactly what was happening at the car park before leaving. While I am used to travelling alone, and carry spares, spanners, etc many don't. I only travel in clubs for the security, and if what happened to me happened to others, particularly newcomers, we could lose members. Apart from the lack of corner markers, it was a good run.

Lloyd 750/4

ALPINE OR BUST

I had never been to the Alpine Rally before but after hearing so many stories about mud, clogged roads and washaways, I decided to kit my bike accordingly and attend. So, trials universal tyres were fitted, you know the good ones at \$25 a pair, as I figured I was going to need them. I had decided to ride to Canberra on the Friday and stay with friends, leaving Saturday to battle whatever on the way to the rally.

The ride to Canberra was more than interesting! The trials tyres gave the bike an uneasy feeling which gave me an uneasy feeling. Arriving in Canberra at nightfall isn't the best, especially if you don't know where you're going, so I pulled up to consult my map. As people will tell you, I have a habit of stopping (or trying to stop) in only the best of places. This time I braked on some soft shale which produced an undesirable effect. That's not bad: I've dropped the bike before I started the hard work.

Canberra hasn't changed much; I doubt if it ever will. But when one wakes up at nine o'clock and looks out of a secluded window to find your bike surrounded in fog, you start to wonder if you're sane or not. Well, I decided to make a start, after all it was 10.30am and the fog was still there.

The ride out of Canberra towards Cotter Dam was breezy, cold, icy and very awakening. I missed the right-hand turn to Brindabella but managed to stop and turn around (without falling over) to regain the correct route.

The fog lifted (or did I come to the end of it?) as I was heading into the ranges on a fantastic road, a new bitumen surface winding through the picture-postcard scenery. It had to end, and it did.

Onto the dirt which seemed quite firm and cruise up and down the mountain roads. This reminds one of the Omeo Highway. An hour and a half later the border into New South Wales appeared ahead of me.

After taking a couple of photos and chatting to some other bikers, I discovered that the road was to be without fear: no mud or washaways, just a couple of slippery sections that offered no real resistance. It would seem my new tyres were not needed. After a four-hour ride, I entered the Rally site. After such an easy ride it felt good to be there but disheartening as the challenge I expected was not overcome.

Setting up camp and organising a meal takes time but it's better to do it first and then wander around to see who you know and what bikes are there. As the evening became real, I settled down beside a fire to talk about things gone, things coming or anything. This is what a rally is all about.

As the evening passed, the inevitable gymkhana started with a donut contest which progressed to a wheel standing show and ended in a sidecar versus solo bout, but the sidecar pilot was too good. The gymkhana finished with a display of spinout stops by the sidecar, scattering the crowd. The prize winner of the night had to be the guy on the XL175 (bloody trail bikes) who constantly shone the bike's headlight at right angles to the ground while sitting the bike on its taillight.

The morning came and with it the realization that it was very cold outside; bikes, tents, everything was covered in ice, the water in the billy had frozen, and there was little or no wood to throw onto the fire. It was hard work gathering firewood, slipping and sliding on the icy ground, but it was worth it.

When people woke up and started wandering from campfire to campfire, the endless progression around the rally site started again, looking for someone you hadn't already chewed their ear off. You soon realize that if you didn't enjoy this kind of adventure, you wouldn't be here.

This was my first Alpine Rally but not my last. I'm only sorry for the people who feel rallying is not for them, but we can't all be mad.

Dave, Ducati 860

ALPINE RALLY 10TH ANNIVERSARY MY FIRST TIME

After hearing all the raves about the Alpine Rally I'd decided to check it out. Learning that I had to work on the Queens Birthday Monday did nothing to deter my enthusiasm.

As prearranged, that dark and drizzly Friday night saw Trevor Michie, with Sally in the sidecar, and myself on the Ducati wending our way slowly through thick fog towards Thornton.

Saturday morning, nice and dry and crisp saw us farewelling Greg and Noeline and heading north. Both solo machines now, as we'd removed the sidecar which had been pulling strongly to the left. Sally still opted for comfort of the BM and the day gradually improved from uncomfortably cold to quite pleasant. Moderate speed on the Hume Highway took us to Albury without incident where we were passed by Mick and Joy and another BM rider.

Boredom with the long, straight stretches of NSW Hume Highway saw us gradually increasing speed. Our thanks to a truckie near Tarcutta who flashed a warning of imminent radar.

Across to Tumut where the motorcycle population was increasing noticeably and then a few miles of bitumen before sticky clay. The clay lasted a quarter of a mile or so and then the surface became hard once again. These sticky sections became quite regular and occasionally the front wheel would lock with mud making steering a bit tricky. I noticed that the BM wheel would lock marginally before the Ducati. So by keeping an eye on Trevor and noting when it slipped sideways I was able to ascertain clearing time. Numerous bikes passed us with their front guards removed, an idea which Trevor was much in favour of, but with my system and front cylinder to worry about, I was naturally opposed to it.

Eventually the road changed to a hard and rough surface. I held up the show by getting a wee bit lost, but we finally turned onto a track which heads through numerous farms along the valley in which the rally is held. I had thought we'd scrape into camp with daylight but soon the long file of single headlights could be seen snaking along the valley. The bikes comprised all types: fully equipped BM tourers, battered early Honda Fours flying along the dirt, and some incredible outfits bringing entire families to the rally site.

Entering the site is an unreal experience. On the approach you can look right over the site and there was an eerie blue smoke rising out of the valley and diffusing light beams from below.

At the site we erected the tents while being entertained by a fantastic amateur fireworks display. After tea, we soon stumbled across the BM Club where we found a few familiar faces around a big log fire. Met the other BM people, crazy people, some of whom seem to just ride from rally to rally with the odd trip around Oz to kill time in between. I look forward to seeing them at Quorn.

I was surprised to find so much grog in evidence at a 'no grog' event and went to investigate what was happening in a natural arena formed by hundreds of people in a circle of torches. In the centre was a guy doing incredible mono's on an XT 500 and large numbers of inebriated gentlemen trying stunts on a couple of outfits.

As the night grew colder and the stunts got more dangerous, it seemed appropriate to retire for the evening. Now whilst several people have commented that it was quite cold, it could be overcome by adequate preparation, like taking a heavy down bag and a very good friend.

Morning, thick and heavy frost, but sunshine starting to dry everything out. Fortunately, no one near me started their bike too early and we let ours defrost before trying.

With daylight more familiar faces came to light: Dave blue 860 and the Morgan family from Sunbury amongst them.

Bikes were coming and going in all directions. Late arrivals, people gathering firewood, day trippers on trail bikes and persons wishing to be close to nature, the lean to dunny having been burnt down in the previous night's excitement. In excess of six persons were seen travelling up a rise on one bike and an impromptu contest to see who can pick up a Kawasaki 1300 on their own was organised.

By about 10.45am, having gathered our badges, we left the excitement for Melbourne. The valley looked even better in daylight - really beautiful. The sunshine had dried the mud considerably and we reached Tumut without stopping. Our return trip was without incident, the weather pleasant during the day and absolutely freezing when we farewelled Trevor at Alexandra and headed for home.

If you haven't been to a rally yet, it's an experience not to be missed.

Brendan 750 Ducati

GET RID OF THE PEOPLE AND THE SYSTEM RUNS FINE

Until Theseus terminated his fell career, Procrustes, the legendary Attic brigand, used to measure his captives on an iron bed. If they were longer than the bed, he chopped off their surplus parts; if they were shorter, he stretched them till they fitted. Some revival of this procrustean precept that the people should be made to fit the system can be detected these days.

Note this newspaper report from the Midlands of England; "Complaints from passengers wishing to use the Bagnall to Greenfields bus service that 'the drivers were speeding past queues of up to 30 people with a smile and a wave of a hand' have been met by a statement pointing out that 'it is impossible for the drivers to keep their timetable if they have to stop for passengers.'

It will thus be seen that the official function of a bus service is not, as popularly conceived, to carry people from A to B, but to meet its timetables. The sacred schedules must be maintained, even if the bus must run empty. Therefore, ultimate efficiency of bus services can be achieved only if passengers are banned altogether. Such a prohibition would have the ancillary advantages of extending clutch and brake longevity and markedly reducing the wear and tear on the upholstery.

Much of the same attitude can be observed in the facial expressions of the staff at any airport as they handle your tickets, like clockwork with their TV screens and admonitory announcements without all those blasted, disorganized air-travel passengers milling about all over the place.

On the stationary side, John Cleese, the sky-scraping British comic of Monty Python fame, acts in a television series in Britain in which he plays a manic and domineering hotel proprietor. He said he got the idea from staying at a West England hotel “where there was this wonderfully rude owner who maintained that the guests stopped him from running his hotel...it was the first time we’d come across such a situation – now I know it happens all round the world.”

And all round the world, hoteliers painstakingly display their monastic rules and detailed eating routine on that card on the bedroom door. Only if all prisoners obey the hotel timely regulations can the establishment’s system be operated harmoniously. The virtue most in request, as Emerson once demeaned, is conformity. It is ill-trained guests like you and me, who forget the feeding orders and lie abed to unhinge the cleaning roster, who are the monkey wrenches in the hospitable works – thus driving hotel managers to dream of that perfect Grand Hotel which runs with clockwork precision, where all meals are completed on time, all rooms are cleaned to the split second schedule, and the bartenders can keep their glasses eternally polished to perfection – because the place steadfastly refuses to take in any guests at all.

An occupational psychologist employed as a consultant to a Middle Eastern air force recently reported an unusual method of fitting people to prevailing constraints. There was a local supply difficulty in obtaining irregular sizes of uniform shoes for airmen. So, in a philosophical compromise, the recruiting board selected successful candidates on the regular proportions and commonplace dimensions of their feet.

A popular weapon of bureaucrats bent upon keeping people subservient to their system is the regular demand that they categorize their lives on meaningless forms and unnecessary returns. I have long admired the ploy that George A. Birmingham, novelist and essayist, adopted in retaliation. In his non-literary life he was a clergyman in Ireland and as such, he was pestered by bishops and other authorities to complete recurring questionnaires. He took particular umbrage against the annual demand from the Education Office to report the dimensions of his village schoolroom. In the first and second years, he duly filled in the required figures. On the third year, he replied that the schoolroom was still the same size as before. Schoolrooms are not trees, he observed, they do not grow. The education office badgered him with reminders until Birmingham finally filled in the figures.

But he didn’t put in the same figures as before. He doubled the dimensions of his schoolroom. Nobody queried it. So he went on doubling the measurements until in the course of five or six years that schoolroom became a great deal larger than St. Paul’s Cathedral. But nobody at the education office was at all concerned. So, the next year, the Canon suddenly reduced the dimensions of his colossal classroom “to the size of an American Tourist trunk...It would have been impossible to get three children without a teacher in that schoolroom”. Nobody took the slightest notice, for nobody needed the information. But the system did, and the system had to be satisfied. So why not try the George Birmingham treatment next time they send you a form to fill out.

By Patrick Ryan – submitted by Lloyd

EDITORS NOTE

The more observant of our readers will probably have noticed a discrepancy in Greg Moore's write-up on Page 3. The ride he was referring to was held the previous Sunday – so no wonder he did not find us at Tolmie. Let's hope he teaches his pupils to read better than he does.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

As of this magazine, the house at 153 Cornwall Rd., Sunshine, is to be known as Joy and Mick's place – instead of Fagan's place.

ATTENTION

Greg Smith's telephone number as mentioned in a previous magazine is 531-4608. The itinerary has the incorrect phone number.
